

## The Evening World.

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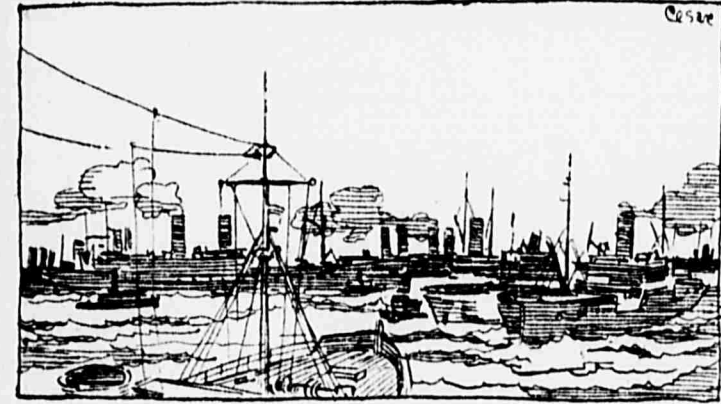
## LIFE-SAVING INVENTIONS.



AD it not been for wireless telegraphy the accident to the Republic might have resulted in as great loss of life as the sinking of the Bourgogne only a few years ago. Had wireless telegraphy been invented then, and had the Bourgogne been fitted with it, as was the Republic, the lives of its 360 passengers would also have been saved.

This accident gives life-saving inventions a graphic advertisement. It proves their value concretely both to the hundreds of people whose lives were saved and the tens of millions of people who read about it.

Without life-saving inventions human life would react upon itself and population would automatically become stationary or decrease, because it is only through the use of men's brains that the increasing dangers of modern life are overcome.



Before there were light houses, fog horns, signal stations and buoys more ships went ashore than now, although there are a hundred times as many vessels on the ocean now as then. Without wireless telegraphy, without submarine bells, fog horns and signals the crowded ocean lanes would be so dangerous that steamers could travel at full speed only with a good light, and would have to lie to on a dark night or during a fog.

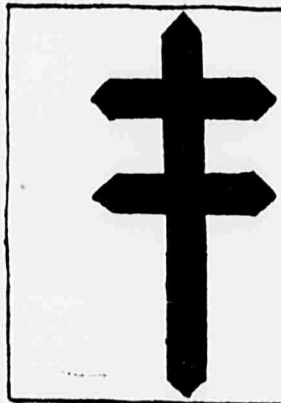
When a human mind invented the steam engine, the dangers to human life were increased, and life-saving inventions in the shape of safety valves, governors and signals followed.

When a human mind invented the deadly electric current as great danger was created as if lightning were introduced to the house. The life-saving inventions of insulation, of fusible plugs and of automatic regulation made the great invention of electric light safe.

The greatest of all life-saving inventions are those produced by medical science. Smallpox, from being a scourge, has become a rarity. Diphtheria, which used to kill babies by the thousand, is now almost

always curable when taken in time. The great fight against consumption which the Tuberculosis League is waging will within a few generations be as victorious as the contest of the human brain against smallpox, diphtheria and the malignant fevers.

The world continues in a state of unstable equilibrium. It has always been so. While one set of human minds are contriving great engines of destruction, other equally alert and equally able minds are devising new inventions for the saving of human life.



## Letters From the People

**As to Selfishness.**  
 To the Editor of The Evening World:  
 Old man to young: "Look out for yourself! No one else will look out for you. No one ever did anything for me. So I look out only for myself." Notice that the old man does not claim to have done anything for any one; yet conveys a sense of resentment that he has never done anything for him. No person should permit others to look out for him while he is to do nothing at all for them. But has he no responsibilities outside of the home? None toward family, relatives, friends, the public? What say your readers? This is not a matter for Golden Rule decision, but for what is the right and best way for any man to live. To say, "I do good to no one and no one does good to me" means a balance of nothing on either side. A nonentity! Y. M.

**Another Walking Record.**  
 To the Editor of The Evening World:  
 A reader asks if other readers can equal his walk of fifty-three miles in about thirteen hours. In the early part of December last I walked from Main street, Tarrytown, to one Hundred and Sixty-eighth street and Broadway, New York, and back in a little less than eight hours, finishing the last three miles in thirty minutes. C. V. T.

**Yes, for Non-Residents.**  
 To the Editor of The Evening World:  
 Is it necessary to have a license to be married in New Jersey? E. W. B.  
**Solves the Jersey Mystery.**  
 To the Editor of The Evening World:  
 Concerning the flying monster that has been terrorizing southern New Jersey, a friend of mine suggests that it is only a fully coulted Jersey mosquito and should not be harmed; as its mission is to eat up smaller mosquitoes, and that it is just capering around till their season sets in. O. K. P.

**The Unemployed.**  
 To the Editor of The Evening World:  
 Not long ago I read an article saying that 5,000 men had been called for to clean the snow from New York City streets, and that only 3,500 responded, and that many of those men, who were from the bread lines and municipal lodging-houses, were weak from hunger

and sickness and too thin to do. What a shameful condition that in a city where there is so much wealth! Among the vast army of starving men there are many worthy ones, of course, who prefer to live on charity. But no doubt there are very many worthy, honest men who are more than anxious for any kind of employment. Many would be most capable in their particular lines of work, and would gladly become useful citizens, providing well for their families. If they could only have the chance to do so.

**Mrs. S. J. B. Yonkers, N. Y.**  
**A Walking Record.**  
 To the Editor of The Evening World:  
 I read of Victor Durussell's walking performance of fifty-three miles in thirteen hours, and I congratulate him for the good time he made. I am eighteen years old and am a pretty fast walker. I have walked from the Battery to Yonkers and return, the trip to Yonkers consuming three hours and thirty-six minutes and the return trip taking three hours and forty-five minutes. I am glad to know that some people are interested in walking, as it is a sport which can be indulged in by everybody without any ill effects, unlike the other strenuous sports, such as football and boxing, which are injurious to many. I would also like to hear other readers tell of long and fast walks they may have had. MICHAEL WEISS.

**She Is Annoyed by Mashed.**  
 To the Editor of The Evening World:  
 I am 18, eighteen years of age and for some time have been annoyed by young men on my way to business. There have been certain young men that I meet nearly every morning in the cars. They always sit beside me and annoy me. I paid no attention to it at first, but when it occurred two or three times I decided to do something to stop these men from pestering young girls. Will some kind reader give me some advice in regard to this matter? What can I do? X. Y. Z.  
 March 17, 1909.  
 To the Editor of The Evening World:  
 What was the date of the Windsor Hotel fire? B. HARRINGTON.

## The Messenger of the Sea.

By Maurice Ketten



## The Cook Gives Mrs. Jarr a Brief Opinion of Mr. Jarr, Dashing a Myth That Prevailed That She Feared Him

By Roy L. McCardell.



"I think we've got an awfully old girl, this time," said Mrs. Jarr, as the new girl shuffled out from the dining room to the kitchen.

"She makes awfully bad coffee," grumbled Mr. Jarr. "Oh, you are all ways finding fault!" said Mrs. Jarr. "How do you expect me to keep a girl? The coffee looks good to me from here."

"It would taste good from the top!" grumbled Mr. Jarr. For if he had good coffee at breakfast the day had begun well for him. Anyway, Mrs. Jarr was drinking tea. Yes, in the morning.

"Gettrude," said Mrs. Jarr, as the girl came in with a plate of scoured sausages. "Gettrude, would you mind making me a cup of fresh tea?" Mrs. Jarr wanted a cup of fresh coffee, but was afraid to ask for it.

Jarr as the girl slouched off again. "We keep the table waiting, and tea, drawing for so long, will get strong." "I wish coffee would," muttered Mr. Jarr.

"What's that you are saying?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "I said if that girl's name is Gettrude, it's only her stage name," said Mr. Jarr. "If I ever saw plain Jane, she's it!"

"Now, don't you interfere," said Mrs. Jarr. "It is a sign of having ambitions and ideals when a girl has pride enough to choose a pretty name."

"I wish she'd cook a pretty breakfast," said Mr. Jarr. "Where's she from, Greece?"

"She's from an old and excellent New Jersey family," said Mrs. Jarr. "Her father was an antiquarian; he had extensive Old Curiosity sheds somewhere in the suburbs of Jersey City."

"You mean he was a junkman?" said Mr. Jarr. "You hear what you think are the sleek kine coming down the lanky glades, and then a wagon turns a corner with a row of combs jangling on a strap, and an individual sits among some old stoves and worn out automobile tires. And this individual has never had a bath!"

"He careful!" said Mrs. Jarr. "She'll hear you." But she in question didn't even hear Mr. Jarr ask for a napkin before she slouched out again after delivering Mrs. Jarr's fresh tea.

"I think she is to be commended that she has pride," said Mrs. Jarr. "Do you think she's proud of this breakfast?" asked Mr. Jarr. "If so it is pride in an art that can take three dollars' worth of food and make it positively unfit to eat."

"Now, DO be patient, and do not interfere or say anything that will make her discontented," said Mrs. Jarr. "She's nice and quiet, and she's good to the children—she loves children—and you must understand that she's strange to the house. When she is here awhile and knows where the things are."

"She knows where the salt is," said Mr. Jarr. "She's put it all in these creamed potatoes."

"Give the girl a chance," said Mrs. Jarr. "She's only been here since yesterday and is anxious to have a permanent place."

"She is strangely silent after being so loquacious," said Mr. Jarr. "When did she tell you all these things?"

## Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife.

Translated

By Helen Rowland.



**H**EARKEN unto my counsel, my Daughter, and thou shalt fear not any man. For a woman is as the X in algebra, an unknown quantity; but a man is as an almanac riddle, to which the answer is always easy.

Tremble not when he blustereth, for he is like unto the March wind which bloweth and roareth but accomplisheth nothing. Hearken unto him silently, and when he hath done speaking go thine own way untroubled, for, behold! he hath taken it all out in words.

Yea, all the days of thy married life thou shalt rule the roost; for in matrimony he that getteth his SAY seldom getteth his WAY.

When a man declaimeth loudly against marriage, AGREE with him, saying, "Verily, it is as thou hast described, an unattractive thing, and I am a CONFIRMED old maid," but proceed to collect thy trousseau and have thy calling cards printed in his name, for thou shalt need them.

Yet be not deceived by a MILD man, nor by him who seemeth easy; for when such an one striketh a decision he sticketh thereto—even as chewing gum to the fingers of a babe. He answereth not back nor argueth the point with thee because he hath no intention of doing aught but that which pleaseth him. Many shall waste the years of their youth upon him because he looketh like a good thing; but the maid that seeketh to draw him into matrimony against his will is as one that seeketh to soften a cheap shoe or to coax a cat into the water.

Verily, my Daughter, a bear that growleth can be tamed and led around upon a chain; but a fox that goeth softly wandereth where he listeth, nor telleth into a trap, nor calleth any woman "Master!" Selah!

## Nixola Greeley-Smith

Hears From More "Slave Wives" And Makes Reply to Their Letters.



**I**T is quite evident that many wives are slaves to their husbands—at least in their own estimation. Out of twenty-four letters from married women which reached me yesterday only one took exception to the phrase "involuntary servitude" as applied to wife-

hood. Another wife writes that her husband comes home every night for his supper, but goes out immediately after, remaining away till ten or eleven. He never takes her anywhere, she says, and, although she has two beautiful children, she declares, she is at times very unhappy.

Unquestionably all these women and all other unhappy wives are greatly to be pitied. The only question for them to consider is whether or not their husbands are altogether to blame for what they term their "slavery." No man is going to place a woman on a throne who shows the least willingness to be a footstool. Each individual has to maintain his or her rights in the realm of emotion as well as in the more practical world of affairs.

Many wives begin married life by being good-natured, about everything, which is bad, and end it by being good-natured about nothing, which is worse.

A more even distribution of tolerance and amiability would perhaps work better for both husband and wife.

The husband who does as he pleases without regard to his wife's feelings, and who, in fact, merely boards with her, should be treated like a machine for making the family living. His home should be well kept and his meals well prepared. For these things are part of the wife's duty and essential to the well-being of the machine. But she should take for herself a personal liberty equal to his own. She should not go out merely to annoy him. If she cares to remain at home and read and improve herself so that she will be able to help in the education of her children, she should do so without regard to his approval or disapproval. But if she wants to go to the theatre or to visit some woman friend, she should not refrain from doing so on his account.

"Peace at any price" is the motto of too many wives in the first year of marriage, and if it is carried out it means for her the rest of her life unconditional surrender without even the honors of war.

## A Down-and-Outer's Bit of Luck

By Lindsay Denison

**T**HERE was a big old man with eyes like a Newfoundland dog and close clipped hair. He came up to me, as everybody who knew the sight of another man's face came up to everybody—between train times, writes Lindsay Denison, in the American Magazine, describing the opening of the Rosebud Reservation in South Dakota, where 114,000 people drew lots for 6,000 farms of 160 acres each, offered free by the Government.

"Drawn yet, brother?" he asked. Of course I hadn't. "Too bad," he said, "but I ain't neither. Great game to watch, though, ain't it?"

His hand was shaking pitifully. His lips were dry and cracked. His voice trembled. He was on the very edge of going all to pieces, with almost no chance of recovery. He saw that I saw and started away.

"You better come over to Nelsie's with me," I said. He grabbed my arm. "I'll do that, son," he said, "and thank you. But just one condition. I used to have a picture of myself home when I had a home. And it looked something like you. It was took before I knew what booze was. I'll go over there with you if you'll drink sass (sarsaparilla) yourself. If you'll do that and tell me you think I can get over it, I'll go you!"

One of the altogether delightful memories of a lifetime is the way the old boy came piling down the street to catch me just as I was leaving Dallas, and (free from silvers or the smell of whiskey) told me that he had drawn a claim and that he was going to pick a farm twenty miles from any town and send for his wife and kids and start over again.

## Coal Dust Explosions.

**A**S a precaution against coal dust explosions Prof. William Galloway said that if the coal dust in a roadway in a mine were regularly strewn with a sufficient amount of salts containing large quantities of water of crystallization, or with much larger proportions of the dust of clay, slate, limestone, chalk or other substances, it would be rendered quite as innocuous as if it were damped with water.

## The Day's Good Stories

At the Wrong Place.

**I**T was an exceedingly luxurious and forbidding-looking hotel. Nevertheless the worn, dusty and bedraggled one marched courageously across the lobby to the desk.

At this point a cold glitter in the clerk's eye closed the incident.

Caruso. But Still—!

**A**T a performance of "Aida" the other night, Caruso, as usual, soared into the highest altitudes of song with such consummate ease and thrilling power that he brought down the house—with the exception of one critical young woman in the family circle.

"Lou," she observed to her companion, "Isn't it funny that Caruso doesn't seem to gripe your notes the way he does on the record? Queer, ain't it?" Philadelphia Ledger.

## A Flight of Fancy

By F. G. Long

